"To cover the ceiling, bring it down, and thus give the room better proportions, and at the same time make it appear larger, I have divided it into panels by heavy oak beams. These reduce the ceiling 18 inches. In these panels I have ornament in relief, consisting of flowers and fruits in old Flemish styles, which are hand-painted in color and gold. In harmony with these oak beams is a Japanese leather paper with a ruddy brown ground, with bold ornament in silver of disks and chrysanthemums. Although I have advocated light delicate tints in decoration, a dining-room should have strong positive color.

"The doors, which were high, have been brought down by oak grills with festoons of jewels. I have endeavored to lower everything, because by increasing my horizontal lines I can give the appearance of space. On the other side of these grills is stained glass, visible from the hall. In the space between I have hung little Persian lamps, which give a very pretty effect both through the grill into the dining-room and through the glass into the hall. Another thing that comes to my aid is glass. Over the mantel was a tall vertical mirror. This mirror I take down and place it as a panel above the low sideboard. This is subdivided horizontally by glass shelves mounted on slender brass rods. Thus, you see, I have added to my lines, and by the reflection of the silver which the shelves are to hold and of the interior of the room I extend all my boundaries. To replace this mirror, I put a horizontal glass over the mantel.

"Mrs. Dodge has some handsome old Dutch chairs, with inlays, after their fashion. These are to be retained, so I frame my mirrors in the same manner. The chandelier I take down, because it takes off the space by dividing it. Instead I light the room by sconces. These contribute their horizontal effect to the same end.

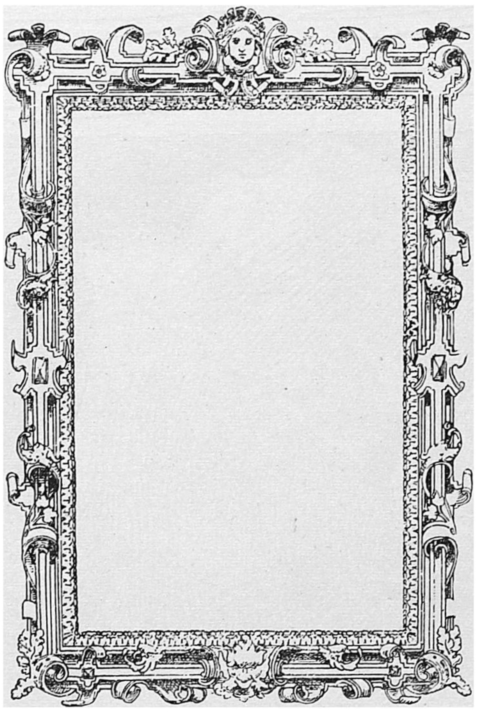
"In this way, you see, if you cannot place a larger number of guests at the table, it will appear the result of choice, not of necessity. We have both doubtless observed in many instances how agreeably such an impression will affect the mental atmosphere. Apart from æsthetic reasons, that seems to me an end worth striving for."

THE WINDSOR TAPESTRIES.

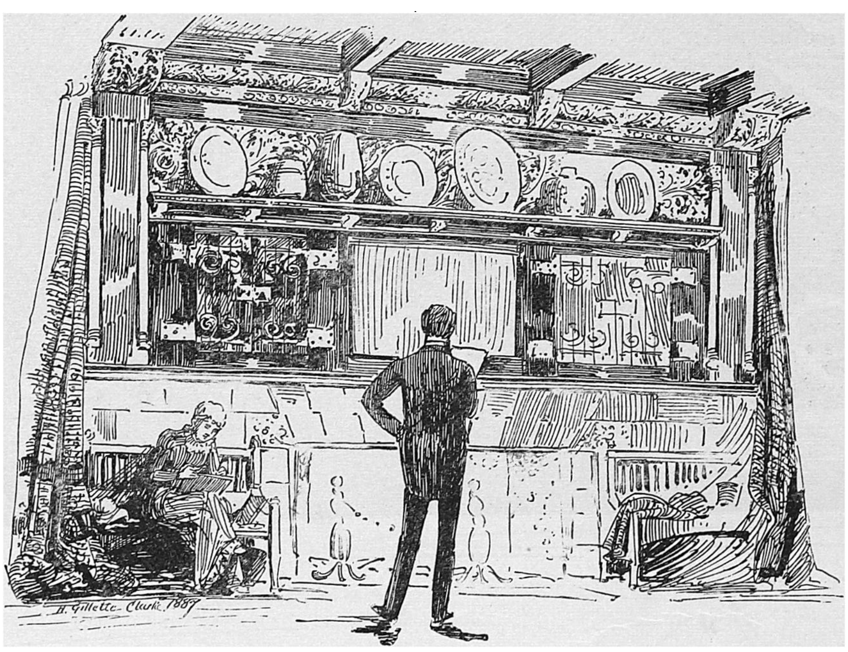
THE little manufactory established almost under the shadow of the royal palace at Windsor is the second attempt to introduce the making of tapestries in England. The first was by Charles the First and his queen, Henrietta, at Mortlake, on the Thames, near Richmond, and there are now in the Louvre specimens from the old works. One of these, after Raphael, the subject being the miraculous draught of fishes, was illustrated in The Art Amateur last month.

The second attempt is the result of a meeting between the late Prince Leopold and Mr. Henry, a French artist who had done a good deal of decorative work in England, in which the Prince was much interested, and he seized upon Mr. Henry's suggestion, and secured for the undertaking the patronage of the Queen. An old farmhouse was secured at the edge of the forest near the village of old Windsor, and a little colony of workmen from Aubusson and Beauvais was imported and planted there. This was in 1876. The enterprise was so successful that the six French workmen are now increased to twenty-five, and there are altogether seventy-five persons actively employed. The old farmhouse no longer answering the demands of increasing production, a factory has taken its place. It is built on the foundations of a favorite palace of William the Conqueror, where, if the spirits of the departed may be permitted to revisit the earth, that of his Queen, the industrious Matilda, must find exceeding delight in the prosperity of the new enterprise. About this little hive of industry has sprung up one of those model villages which have done much to sweeten the lives of the English artisans. The homes of the workmen are brick Elizabethan cottages, each with a well-kept garden. The hall for the exhibition of the tapestries in winter serves as a theatre, although, according to the English fashion, it is known as the "Institute." At each end of the building are large porticoes overlooking the cottage grounds, which have been christened Porte St. Denis and Porte St. Martin. There is also a French restaurant, in which at a breakfast given to Prince Leopold, that royal person was pleased to observe that the omelet, salad and coffee were better than he had ever tasted in Paris. Nothing seems to have been omitted in the attempt to acclimatize the French workmen.

In 1881 the Windsor manufacture ceased to be a private enterprise, and a corporation was formed, of which Prince Leopold was president, the Princess Louise and Princess Helena vice-presidents, and on the executive committees were Sir Richard Wallace, Sir Albert Sassoon, Mr. Brassey, and Mr. Gibbs, president of the Bank of England. As yet no dividends have been declared, the profits of the business, by consent of the stockholders, going to build up the colony.



MIRROR FRAME. LATE GERMAN RENAISSANCE.



SUGGESTION FOR A PARLOR MANTEL AND FIREPLACE.

The first tapestries executed at the works were, very appropriately, scenes from "The Merry Wives of Windsor." They were exhibited in the Prince of Wales Pavilion at the Paris Exposition of 1878, and received the gold medal. They are now the property of Sir Albert Sassoon, who has many other tapestries made at Windsor, including "The Seasons," a splendid set of draperies after Boucher. Mr. Henry Brassey had executed for himself a series illustrating the Saxon preparations for resisting the Norman invasion of 1066. J. E. Hodson composed for Mr. Coleridge Kennard, a connoisseur of tapestries, a series illustrating some of Tennyson's poems, also to be executed at Windsor. This is the artist who designed the scenes from the chase, which hang in the hall of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's house. A commission came from the Duke of Westminster not long ago for coverings, from special designs, for twenty-four Louis Seize arm-chairs for Eaton Hall, his superb palace near Chester. Orders from similar public-spirited patrons of art are becoming numerous at the works, which seem now to be well established. Perhaps one day the foreign artisans will be succeeded by Englishmen, and then the enterprise will have more of a national character.

M. G. HUMPHREYS.

Old Books and New.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

HIS last book having gone under the hammer for what was to be reported in the newspapers one third the price that he had paid for it, he uttered a sigh of relief, and to a surprised inquirer said that he felt rejuvenated, like Faust in the opera, after he has thrown off his dark mantle. He had the reputation of a bookworm, and the face of one, and stooped, from his habit of bending over books. The love of books that entitles one to be known as a bibliophile is a passion, like gambling, and makes a mark upon the face of a man that Lavater could easily read. Like most passions, it is a contagious malady. He never knew where he caught it; his surroundings were not for the development of a taste for illuminated manuscripts or books in bindings with royal coats-of-arms, and marginal notes in a queer, unreadable handwriting. He had, perhaps, inherited it. He knew well the literature of three or four countries when he came out of school; at that age he bought books to read them or to illustrate from them, in newspapers, new facts with old stories. Every one knows how fast books accumulate; the presentations of friends, the least-expected acquisitions, come to one who has an embarrassment of riches, even as water comes to the sea. There are few books that are not worth reading hurriedly for a note, an idea, a reference. He made scrap-books with his notes; th y gave him a standard of criticism; he judged a book by the number of notes it would yield, and he pretended that it was fair and just and reasonable. He made parcels of his books, and, like the genii in the Aladdin tale who went through the streets of the city shouting, "Who will exchange old lamps for new?" he went to old book-stores to exchange his new books for old ones. The city of New York was founded by Hollanders, who were great collectors of tulips, you remember; and New York is now a city of collectors, from Mr. Brayton Ives, who collects the first classics, to the Doctor, who is a collector of pipes; and every curiosity-shop gets the catalogue of every other. In second-hand book-stores they are very particular in their catalogue exchange-list, having a preference for the Morgand catalogue, the prices of which are made for the edification of the profane. Those who know write to Morgand; those who do not are grateful to the bookseller who points to the Morgand catalogue and says, "But you may have the book for much less." The bookseller has six months' credit in Paris or London, and will be glad to give you four or five.

Auguste Fontaine was a man of great ideas. He would look for some neglected author long dead and forgotten, buy his books for a song on the quays, then go to the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, where dwelt in beatific peace Paul Lacroix, known to the world of bookmen as Bibliophile Jacob. Paul Lacroix was an old gentleman who loved to delve in old books and to write about them, and he had seen so many books that he felt certain a book he had not seen was scarce. Fontaine had made "a corner" of the novels written by a mediocre writer in the Revolutionary period, Rétif de